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abstruse doctrines at all obtruded on their minds. Give them the open day and sun-shine: keep the ground of the heart open and unoccupied; free from taint, foulness or bias of any kind: they will thus grow strong and vigorous, and be ready for the reception of truth in the right time, and assimilate to it with a true filial resemblance. The Roman moralist declares—

.....“*Sincerum nisi vas  
Quodcunque infundis, accescet.*”

and I have no doubt that the religious intolerance that occupies many minds in advanced life, and produces so much unbrotherly temper, is derived from this early tincture and bias to particular creeds; the powers of the mind thereby become weakened, and instead of the generous flavour belonging to the fruits of cultivated intellect; sourness ensues, and the best of man becomes a repository for the foulest passions.

But seeing that there are men, who will give no ear to our arguments against the use of catechisms, let us at least have a few of the youth of the community untinctured of early bias; that as their future fortunes may depend upon the exertions of intellect, they may come forward with minds strong and vigorous to enter the lists, and run the career of their destiny. From a constant reader.

October, 1811.

A.S.

*To the Proprietors of the Belfast Magazine.*

THE TRUE PATRIOT'S LAMENTATION;  
OR, THE HORRORS OF WAR. A  
VISION.

BEING last night in company with a few friends, our conversation, after some time, turned on the present agitated state of the po-  
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litical world. Having made some observations on this topic, we were inclined to pursue it to some length, had not the lateness of the hour, and the labours of the day, proclaimed the necessity of repose. Each person, therefore, retired to his own habitation. Our reflections, however, made such an impression on my mind, that I was resolved to recommence the subject on the following morning. But during the silence of the night, Morpheus, as if willing to gratify my intention, presented me with the following vision.

Methought, I was conveyed to a small strait, and placed on the main-top of a majestic vessel. From this elevated situation, I could distinctly discern the surrounding objects on every side. I saw on the South, innumerable multitudes of persons variously employed; some, but, alas! a number comparatively small indeed, were offering up their sacrifices on the altars of the gods; others were cherishing the muses, whom they had long cultivated; many were busy in the various departments of active life. My attention, however, was soon withdrawn from *these scenes*, and attracted by others, of a more striking, or rather, a *more lamentable description*. I gazed with astonishment upon thousands, who stood on the plains, occupied in the exercises of deadly weapons, intended, methought for the destruction of their *fellow creatures*. The glittering of swords, the roaring of cannons, the volumes of smoke that ascended the air, and the manœuvres of horses, trained up like their masters in the art of destruction, were such forebodings of calamity, that I could not avoid turning my back to the dreadful spectacle. Having now looked towards the North, I was surprised to behold nothing, but ob-  
b b b

jects similar to those hitherto described: they excited in me sensations, even more painful, than those already experienced. Fewer seemed devoted to the worship of the Gods; the muses seemed to have more completely abandoned this region; the occupations of civil life were more neglected; every thing was sacrificed to the *exercise and complete mastership of the fatal instruments*, exhibited in the last scene; in a word, of the immense multitudes who inhabited this land, few could be seen who were not carrying the standard of Mars. I now turned my face to the *ocean*, confident that *the abode of fishes*, was free from the maledictions inflicted on the *habitations of men*. Here, to my utter astonishment, I perceived the God of war had invaded, and in some manner, usurped the empire of Neptune. Ships of the greatest magnitude, were to be seen at every side. But the employment of the sailors of those vessels, was much of the same nature, with that of those men who appeared wearing the ensign of Mars. The vessels of the South presently assembled, and became one consolidated body, in order to oppose the united forces of their antagonists at the opposite side. A most dreadful engagement instantly ensues; they oppose each other, with the ferocity of tigers: thousands are slain on both sides; and their blood becomes intermingled with the waters of the deep: others who still possess the wretched remains of life, are left breathless, tortured by excruciating pains, in the agonies of death. Exhausted by this melancholy sight, I descended from the eminence. A bye-stander observing my countenance depressed with grief, and judging my intention; accosted me in the following words, I per-

ceive friend, it is thy earnest wish, thy sincere desire, to quit this region of sorrow, this land of desolation, and take up thy dwelling in some more *friendly cline*." Having given a nod of assent, as I was bereft of the power of utterance, he ordered the pilot to steer for the WESTERN WORLD. Having passed THE BRITISH CHANNEL (for such I understood from my new companion, was the name of the place where this tragedy occurred); we were favoured with an easterly breeze, and wafted over the briny waves of the Atlantic, with a celerity, surpassing that of the Eagle, by a thousand degrees. Our sorrow was now turned into joy; but alas, how short was its continuance; for we no sooner landed on the *shores of Columbia*, than we found this land of fertility was become a prey to the Demon of war. Thousands in the bloom of youth, preparing a vast fleet to contend with their opponents towards the South; men abandoning their country and home, their relatives and friends, perhaps, never more to return! "Behold," says my companion, "how the blood and treasure of this beautiful country, this LAND OF LIBERTY, are going to be squandered away, this place, once the seat of happiness, is soon likely to become a scene of horror and desolation. Observe, continued he, what a picture of wretchedness already presents itself; these coasts surrounded with crowds of women, children, and debilitated old men; the females inconsolable for the loss of their husbands and brothers; the children for their parents; and the old men, whose silver locks excite veneration, bending with age, and languishing with sorrow. Whither shall we fly for a sanctuary? Is the WHOLE WORLD to become a

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FIELD OF BLOOD?" Finding ourselves encompassed with calamities on every side, and no asylum to be found in any quarter, we set sail for our native country, that we might know the state of those countries, the enmities of which, had caused us to take this long but fruitless voyage. We made our way homewards, by the same course taken at our departure, when the sky was separated from the sea, and the land became our horizon, those countries to which nature had been particularly bounteous, appeared to be overgrown with weeds and thorns. Widows filled the air with their weepings, children with heart-piercing eloquence, stretched out their little hands to their mothers for food: but they, unable to supply their wants, clasped them in their arms, and bathed them with their tears. Our anxiety to return to the spot of our nativity, induced us to steer for the *once happy, but now tempestuated Erin*. Here the picture of misery was completed: for we saw the natural productions of our country transported from its shores; whilst her own children are the victims of want and distress. Corn, butter, beef, pork, &c. carried away in abundance from her coasts. "Behold," says my friend, "how Ireland is reduced; see how her riches are lavished, to defray the expenses of unnecessary wars." He continued his discourse for a considerable time, but as my attention was deeply fixed on a great concourse of persons, viewing the vessels almost overlaid with their cargoes, I have but an imperfect remembrance of the remaining part of his pathetic address. The crowds approached so near me, and with jealousy in their countenances, so loudly deplored the fate of their country, that they awoke me from

my long and uninterrupted slumber.

FILIUS HIBERNICÆ.

Waterford, Oct. 13, 1811.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

"When others fled, he came at duty's call,  
When others crouch'd, he stood, as well  
became

A PERCY's dauntless heart—when Rome and  
Gaul

Around the rebel horde with loud acclaim."

THE above lines have appeared in the Belfast papers, in praise of the late Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore:—and a person unacquainted with his character, would suppose him from this, to have been equally intolerant as his eulogist. It appears natural, that the panegyric of a liberal man should breathe a corresponding spirit;—nor does poetry with all its licence authorise calumny.

By Rome is meant, either the Roman Pontiff, or the Catholic clergy of Ireland—*neither* surely merit from the Poet the reproach of treason, expressed in his *terrific verse*. Let the virtuous be praised for their virtues. THE GOOD, THE INTELLIGENT PERCY demands not this immolation of truth and charity to be made at his shrine. The name of PERCY will survive, when intolerance shall be no more.

*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

A LETTER TO HENRY BROUGHAM, ESQ.  
M. P. ON THE SUBJECT OF REFORM  
IN THE REPRESENTATION OF THE  
PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT; BY WILLIAM  
ROSCOE, ESQ.\*

MY DEAR SIR,

THE perusal of your very interesting letter has recalled my

\* The following letter, although it has been some time in print, may perhaps be new to some of the readers of this magazine. At least its matter and manner are highly interesting in the present crisis.